TO-MORROW.

In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade, too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade, too,
With barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

WM. COLLINS.

VICTIMS OF OPIUM.

A HIGH LIFE SENSATION FROM LONDON—WHY A MARRIAGE WAS BROKEN OFF ABRUPTLY.

London Life vouches for the truthfulness in every particular of the following narrative, the names alone being withheld:

Very recently a rising young physician in the West End of London was summoned to attend an urgent case. As the carriage drew up at the door, he observed that there was an awning and a carpet extending from the portal to the curb, and on reaching the hall he found that the house was thronged with people in evening dress. The messenger, speaking to a white-haired military-looking gentleman who sat alone before the fireplace, said:

"Sir Hugh, this is Dr. Fielding," and withdrew.

The gentleman addressed rose from his chair, and as he stood in the blazing light of the sea-coal fire he seemed a man in whose splendid physical presence the Doctor at once recognized the person of a famous naval commander, whose deeds of personal prowess in the Pacific and in the China Seas had won for him something more than a national reputation.

"Be seated, Doctor," he said, pointing to a chair. "My daughter was to have been married to-day. I have sent for you because I know your reputation for the treatment of nervous diseases is very high."

"My professional skill is at your service," said the Doctor.

"Your answer is frank and to the point," returned the Baronet. "The marriage of my daughter has not taken place. To-day she passed from a state of vivacity and happiness into one of stupor. All our efforts to arouse her have proved unavailing. In order that you may comprehend the entire situation, I shall be forced to detail some of my own and of my family history. Her mother was a native of the East Indies. I married her after a brief courtship, when I was a Flag Lieutenant in the East India squadron, many years ago. She was the daughter of a missionary who had given over his zealous ambition to convert the heathen of Burmah, and had gone into trade. In a short time his fortune had reached an incredible amount. There were vague rumors that the greater part of it had been gathered by transactions in opium. The young lady herself was beautiful and talented, and the sole heiress to her father's enormous wealth. Among the many suitors who came I was the successful one, and our wedding in many respects was a remarkable affair. Our only child was born some years later, and shortly afterward I was ordered to an arduous service in the Corean waters. On its completion I returned to England to find my wife broken in health, and the victim of the most painful complication of disorders. It was necessary to allay her pain, and to do this morphia was resorted to. She lingered on and died. Before her death, she told me in a lucid moment that she had learned the use of opium in her childhood, and that while she had never become a slave to it, she had nevertheless taken it with regularity, and she had no doubt that her illness resulted from the habit. In this view the physician who attended her concurred. Now, sir, my child appears to me to have been using some drug. I have no reason to believe that she is a slave to the habit of taking opium, in any of its horrible forms, but my heart is burdened with the gravest apprehensions. Should you discover that she is, the wedding ceremony which is only postponed, shall never take place. The bridegroom is the son of my dearest friend, and I can never permit that he shall have the prospect of a life of misery, such as mine has been; the more so, for the reason that there is no way to ensure happiness for her."

They passed out through the hall, up the staircase, encountering the guests who had been bidden to the marriage feast taking their departure. Some of them gave looks of curiosity, but all of them had a word of sympathy or a pressure of the hand to bestow upon the stricken father as he passed by.

On reaching the landing the Baronet stopped for a moment to recover his self-possession, and then gently opening a door, ushered the Doctor into the patient's chamber. The sight that greeted the Doctor's eye embraced as its central feature the form of a young lady clad in a dress of white satin, and lying on a bed. A bridal vail of delicate lace trailed its luxuriant length over the back of a chair, on which also hung a wreath of orange blossoms.

In a moment the man of science saw that the father's worst fears were justified. A mere glance at the swollen eyelids, whose unnatural yellow color was heightened by the dark-blue veins that traversed them, showed that the young lady was not only the victim of a larger portion than she had been accustomed to take, but that the custom itself was of old standing.

"Well, Doctor," asked the Baronet, anxiously, "is it opium?"

"We must first save her life," replied the Doctor, evasively.

Proper remedies were administered so successfully that in a few minutes the victim was aroused from the state of coma into which she had fallen, and brought to her feet. Then began the heroic treatment. She was beaten with hands, pricked with sharp points, and subjected to repeated shocks from a galvanic battery, while her stomach was attacked with the most powerful emetics, and all the while she was kept walking up and down the room, despite her pleadings to be allowed to lie down and close her eyes.

It took many hours before the immediate danger passed away. Then the Doctor sought the Baronet in his library and said without preface:

"Your daughter, sir, is a confirmed opium-eater; not only has she used the drug in that form, but she has taken it subcutaneously."

"This is horrible news," moaned the father. "Cannot this frightful habit be checked and finally stopped? If you can stop it, or if you think you can, relinquish your career to devote yourself to the task, and I will give you my whole fortune; nay, even my life."

Dr. Fielding shook his head gloomily. "No," he said, "science has not done that. Even in Paradise appetite reigned and ruined."

That night the Doctor pored over his books, and finally, as if possessed of some new impulse, he hastened to his laboratory, and selecting from its shelves a bottle, carefully measured out a portion of morphia. He was about to conduct an experiment of which he himself was to be the subject.

It does not require many months for opium to assert its sway. Within a year the subject had become the ruler, and the student was enthralled probably beyond the power of escape. Meanwhile he devoted himself to the case of the Baronet's daughter. He sacrificed his own career, shunned his old associates, gave up all practice, and either passed his time by her side, or in the retirement of his own rooms, dreaming in blissful, fateful sleep.

Into the morbid brain of the Doctor came visions of lands in whose glorious confines a goddess dwelt and ruled. Into his heart there came a new sensation of pleasure and pain. And besotted by the drug, or wrapped in the slumbers of its creation, one thought alone pulsated in his brain. He was in love with his patient. And for a time his efforts were crowned with encouraging results. Devoting all his attention to her case, he at last checked her craving for the drug, and loosened the fetters of habit, though, unfortunately, without being able to break them. The father, noticing the first results, was transported with joy, but seeing that the improvement was not permanent, became the prey of a renewed anxiety. He questioned the Doctor closely. The answers gave him no satisfaction. Sad experience had given him a keen insight. One day the thought flashed upon him that the Doctor himself betrayed symptoms of being an opium slave. He bluntly put the question.

"Do you take opium?"

The Doctor's pallid face, his trembling nerves, his lustreless eyes, gave one answer but the honor of the man made him pause before he opened his lips—and lied. He had been devoting so much labor and time to the study of this case, he said, that his health had felt some ill effects; but he had now become even more hopeful than ever, and he felt that the future was bright with almost assured hope. He said it was clear that the father himself had become the prey of his unfortunately morbid surroundings, and that he sorely needed change of air. "In short, you should go on a sea voyage, hope for the best for your daughter, and when you return you will receive good news. I assure you that you will."

Reassured by this confident tone and manner, the Baronet acted upon Dr. Fielding's suggestion. He was away for a considerable time, and being continually advised of the rapidly progressing recovery of his child, returned at last, improved in health and full of joyous anticipations. His arrival was quite unexpected. The butler admitted him, but he pushed rapidly by and entered the room where it was indicated he would find his child. There he encountered the Doctor, who was just arousing himself from an opium sleep. His daughter, half awake, was reposing in an arm chair, her eyes half closed, the lines of her face softening and changing as her mind swayed in the elysium of the opiate. Horror-stricken, the father dashed toward the Doctor, with a look upon his face that told of murder. But, at that moment nature's hand stayed him, his heart ceased to beat, his eyes closed, his form tottered and he fell to the floor. Apoplexy, brought on in the moment of wild excitement, had claimed a victim. The Doctor made a feeble effort to restore him, but his vacillating mind could not grasp the necessary treatment. When the servants came in, they found him by the body, gibbering idiotically. They carried him away, leaving for the time, the beautiful victim of an incurable malady asleep in her chair.

On the Toboggan.

Toboggans, which are used to such an extent for amusement in Canada, are birch planks, twice as thick as ordinary blotting paper. They lie flat on the snow and curl over in front. They carry from two to six persons. Cushions are fastened on them when in use. It is customary for a girl to sit foremost. A Montreal girl can sit down on the cushion, wrap her skirts about her ankles, and then throw her feet under the curve of the board with the grace of a dutchess at a ball. Other women or men sit behind. Last of all is the steerer. He kneels on the toboggan and steers with his toes. The hill is purposely coated with ice and kept smooth as the face of a flatiron. There is a shout, and down goes the board with the speed of a shot, and followed by a fountain of ice dust and snow. In Peel street, which was the public toboggan hill set apart by the Government during the Ice Carnival, sawdust is sprinkled at the foot of the slide; otherwise toboggans and their loads would never stop short of the further bank of the broad St. Lawrence. These boards seem as pliable as soft leather. The irregularities in the roads bend them like ribbon. Recently the sleighs interfered. One load of girls shot under a horse on Sherbrook street. A load of young men in a new toboggan, going at a mile a minute, hit a cutter a side blow. The cutter irons were bent, the toboggan was wrecked and the men went into the snow bank. Two girls in snow-shoe dress were whizzing down fifty feet behind. Their steerer struck his toe deep down, and the toboggan turned to the five-foot high snow bank and went over it as a steeplechaser might clear a fence. The young people tumbled off, but escaped unhurt. Then the police forbade the sport, except on the club slide along the mountain.

"We haven't any army to speak of," says the Florida *Times*, "but we can beat the world on a pension list."

THE HERO OF THE COMSTOCK.

A Great Reputation Ruined by Too Much Zeal.

[From the Carson Appeal.]

Years ago, in the early days of the Comstock excitement, Pat Holland, now Postmaster and Coroner in a little town in Cachise County, Arizona, was the most respected man in the State. He had the reputation of being a dead shot with the pistol. Of course this accomplishment made him feared by everybody, and there was no man in Virginia so bold as to cross him in public. Pat acquired his reputation by shooting on the stage, and could knock an apple off his son's head with an accuracy and carelessness which combined to impress the public far more than the manner in which the painstaking William Tell performed the feat with an arrow. Finally Pat secured a young lady who would allow an apple to be shot off her flaxen roll, and when Pat executed the feat he would throw his keen eye at the girl and then roll his orbs up into the gallery, and without looking at his mark, send a bullet through the fruit. This was put down on the bills as "Pat Holland's psycological feat of shooting from memory," and drew crowded houses. One night he advertised to shoot apples from twelve young ladies' heads in succession, and only take one look at the crowd. Piper's Opera House was packed with men at a dollar a head, and when the curtain rose twelve immaculate ballet dancers were in line along the wings, each with an apple on her head. Pat stepped to the footlights and bowed amid tremendous applause. He had a six-shooter in each hand, and the stage manager announced that he would shoot the last six apples with his left hand. Casting his eye along the line, he took a long breath, a steady position, and then faced the audience. Lifting his revolver he began shooting in rapid succession, and the apples began to fly out of sight amid the breathless silence of the audience. The curious part of the performance, however, lay in the fact that by the time that Pat had fired six shots all the apples had disappeared, yet he kept right on banging away with his left hand, amid roars of laughter and derision. To cap the climax, two apples got tangled together and remained dangling from the edge of a scene in plain sight of the audience. The trick was at once apparent. Each apple had a fine thread attached, and at the shot was jerked quickly out of sight. The supes behind the scenes got confused at Pat's rapid firing, and half the apples disappeared before the time. Two were snatched off simultaneously, and the strings overlapping in the air brought the apples together, where they hung to the edge of the scene, the strings being on each side. This ended Holland's career as a public soloist with the pistol, and the public gradually came to look upon him as an ordinary mortal. Soon after this he got into a street row in Pioche, and fired ten shots in a densely populated portion of the city without killing a man. But for attempting to do too much at once, he might have gone to Congress from Arizona years ago.

Visiting the Claimant.

The London Daily *News* says: An interview with the claimant took place at Portsmouth Convict Prison. It being the anniversary of his birth, his sons, Roger and James, were allowed to visit him, by a special order of the Home Secretary. The boys were accompanied by Mr. S. Pearse, late Under Sheriff of Southampton and only three visitors being permitted at the interview, the remainder of the convict's friends were obliged to remain outside the prison gates. The claimant looked well, and had no complaint to make as to his diet or treatment. When interrogated on the subject of the report lately current of his having been put in irons, he said to his son Roger, pointing to the good-conduct badge he wore on his arm, "I could not wear this and irons, too." On Mr. Pearse wishing him many happy returns of the day, and expressing a hope that its next anniversary would be passed in a different place, the claimant said, "Hear, hear; I hope so, too." He was pleased with the information that his eldest son, Roger, had gained the first prize at his school at Romsay, and his second son, James, having been equally successful in obtaining one for good conduct. When asked if he had any objections to his sons coming to see him, he said: "Two years ago I told Mr. Guilford Onslow that I should not like them to see me in the prison dress, but then I thought I should never live to serve out my sentence. Now that I feel well again I have no such objection." He also said that he approved of his son Roger writing to the Home Secretary and asking for a remission of his sentence on the ground that he and his brothers and sisters were growing up and ought to have a father's anxious care and supervision. He rejoiced that the Cloture bill had passed, as now Parliament would have more time to give to domestic legislation, and so might reconsider his case. Toward the close of the interview the claimant, who desired to be remembered to all those friends who had so kindly helped him in his trouble and still stuck to him, told his sons to value their consciences and immortal souls more than wealth, and that although his imprisonment had come through his speaking the truth, he never regretted having done so for a moment. He reiterated that he had no fault to find with the prison officials, who discharged a disagreeable duty as kindly as they could. As his sons were leaving him he told Roger that a well known firm of solicitors had offered to compromise the Tichborne case while it was on, but he had refused to be any party to a settlement for his son Roger's sake, the estates being entailed.

Reading Before Signing.

The London *Telegraph* says: An amusing anecdote reaches us from a village in the Indre et Loire, where a quarrel has been raging between the Mayor and the local schoolmaster. The latter was recently summoned to appear before the Prefect of the department, to whom he complained of the Mayor's negligence.

In proof of this he showed an official report, written by himself, and containing the following passage: "I have no case of hydrophobia or madness to report, unless it be that of the Mayor and corporation, who are idiots and raving madmen." The Mayor signed and stamped the document without reading it, little dreaming that it would be used as evidence against himself with the Prefect.

THE TWO COMPANIES.—A Georgia paper says that at the outbreak of the war two companies from that State, the Cobb Infantry and the Gilmour Blues, started out with the same number of men, and had the same number killed, the same number wounded, the same number dead from natural causes and the same number dead from wounds.

FRANK FRAYNE should go to Niagara Falls and shoot the rapids.

A MODERN SAMPSON.

The Strong Man of Washington County, N. Y.—What He Could Do.

In a Troy paper recently appeared an article giving a short history of the life and doings of Abner McIlrath, of Euclid, Ohio, and in that article he was represented as the strongest man in America while living, with the exception of that famous strong man of northern New York, Joseph Call. The greatest feat of strength claimed for McIlrath was the lifting of an iron shaft which weighed 1,700 pounds, and it is also stated that he lifted it by grasping it with his hands, which, it is claimed, would be equal to lifting twice that weight in harness. It would be useless to deny the fact that Abner McIlrath was a mighty man. But I propose to give a short sketch of the life of a man who was but little known outside of the village of Granville Corners in Washington County, where he was born and spent the most of a long life. It is known of him, and can be proved, that he has performed feats of strength unsurpassed by any man that has lived in ancient or modern times, excepting, of course, the Biblical Sampson.

His name is or was Stearn Carpenter; his occupation was that of a farmer. Being naturally of a very quiet, peaceable disposition and a member of the society of Friends, he never did anything for display to attract attention, but the feats of strength that he performed were done more to satisfy himself and to see how much he could lift than for anything else. All of his lifting was done by main strength, without harness of any kind. One of his greatest feats was lifting a box filled with iron which weighed 1,900 pounds, which is equal to lifting 3,800 pounds in a harness. He lifted it with ease with his hands by grasping a rope or chain which was bound around the box to secure it. He did not know the weight of the box of iron at the time, and was afterward heard to say that had he known it weighed so near a ton he would have put on the other hundred pounds and lifted the whole. At another time he lifted a cannon that weighed 1,400 pounds and shouldered it. At Comstock's Landing, on the Champlain Canal, near Whitehall, one day while waiting for a load of merchandise, he lifted a barrel of white lead with ease. The writer of this article was an eye-witness to this feat, besides a number of others.

His neighbors when killing hogs, if Stearn happened to be around, would ask him to guess the weight of a hog just killed. If it happened to be a big one of 400 or 500 pounds, he would stoop down and twist his fingers into the bristles, and in that manner lift the carcass clear from the ground and guess on its weight. He performed one of the greatest feats of strength on record after he had reached the age of seventy-five years. He lifted two 24-foot iron rails by grasping one in each hand, and walked off with them. The rails were resting on wooden horses, so he did not stoop down to lift them. One day in haying-time he was going from the field with his men to the house for dinner. They were walking along the road together, when one of his men, for mischief, came up behind him and by a skillful trip threw Carpenter down. He gathered himself up and said nothing about it. He walked to the house, and after dinner, on returning to the field with his men, they came along to the place where the man gave him the fall. He suddenly turned upon the man, and grasping him by the shoulder and the seat of the trousers, lifted him and hurled him over a seven rail fence, by the side of which they happened to be walking. The man came down in the meadow a rod or more from the fence, considerably shaken up but not badly hurt. Mr. Carpenter was not a gigantic man in size. He was about six feet tall, and appeared much less than that owing to his massive build. There was no superfluous flesh upon him, but the muscles of his arms, shoulder and neck seemed to be piled upon him, so great was their size. This gave him a stooping appearance. In a crowd, a casual observer would not be liable to pick him out for one of the strongest men that ever lived. His strength would equal if not surpass that of the great Roman gladiator Milo. Mr. Carpenter is living at the present time at Granville Corners, Washington County, N. Y., his old home, or was living there the last I heard of him. He must be over eighty years of age.

The Ostrich as a Speculation.

The New York *Times* editor has gone into the ostrich business and gives his experience as follows:—Let us suppose that a man with a wife and three children undertakes to raise ostriches, and to that end borrows $400 and buys a pair of birds. If he uses one egg per day for the table he can give his family all the animal food they need. If he fries the yolk of the egg for breakfast he can cook the white for dinner. He can sell $150 worth of feathers at the end of his first year of ostrich-raising, and if there are any hotels or boarding-houses in the neighborhood, he can make from $20 to $30 by selling the thick ends of the ostrich quills—which are usually six inches long and half an inch in diameter—to be used for stuffing feather beds. Meanwhile, the original ostriches will be hatching out broods of young ostriches. Even if they produce only twelve young ostriches per annum, the young birds will be worth, as soon as they are fully grown, $200 each. Thus we see that an original investment of $400 for a pair of ostriches will return within one year $3,000, more or less; and as the young ostriches grow to maturity and begin to lay their own eggs the yield will be proportionately greater.

Ostrich keeping in this country is attended with one advantage. The ostrich-keeper is able to keep his ostriches. To enter an ostrich-house and carry off an ostrich without alarming its owner would be an impossibility. Not only is the bird far too big and heavy to be carried by less than three or four stout men, but on being rudely awakened in the middle of the night he is sure to kick with tremendous force.

When ostriches have become too old to lay they make admirable substitutes for the spring chicken of railway restaurants. Not only is one ostrich equal in size to dozens of chickens, but it is practically indestructible, and in cold weather it can be served up for many successive days, and to thousands of successive passengers. It is quite possible that after having served for a time as spring chicken the aged ostrich could be worked up into water-proof boots. At any rate experiments with that end in view are now in progress in Victoria, and it is very probable that they will be crowned with success.

"Your husband is a staid man now, is he not?" asked a former schoolmate of her friend, who had married a man rather noted for his fast habits. "I think so," was the reply, "he staid out all last night."

Preserved Potatoes.

The great drawback in the past in the way of an extended export trade of potatoes from this country has lain in the fact that in ocean voyages the vegetable is susceptible to sweat and rot, and on arrival the losses from this cause are often found to counterbalance the profit made on the intact part of the cargo. This inconvenience seems to be overcome by the recent invention of a machine for pressing and preserving potatoes in such a manner that they may be dried and kept for a number of years in any climate.

WHEN the papers speak of the infant industries of the country they don't mean sticking the toes in the mouth or biting upon rubber rattles, although those are the principal industries of the infants.

A KENTUCKY exchange asks: "What is the great lever that shoves the newspaper forward?" Well, in the case of most country journals, it is two dollars a year in advance.

A NEW YORK man is trying to eat thirty brace of quail in thirty days. Why don't he make it real exciting by undertaking to eat fifteen polecats in fifteen days. People could then forgive him if he failed.

SEVERE.—An old law in Holland condemned criminals to be wholly deprived of salt as the severest punishment in that moist country. The effect was that they were a prey to internal parasites.

—One of the gold-mining companies operating in Fulton County, New York, has cleaned up about two hundred tons of gravel, the amalgam yielding $750 in gold, resembling the Australian product.

HE who has fair words only is like one who feeds the sick with an empty spoon and talks about gruel.

"No, sir," said the passenger to the ship's doctor, "I'm not sea-sick, but I'm ducedly disgusted with the motion of the vessel."